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A

GUIDE

FOR

Malt-Worms.

The Second Part.

BEING

A Description of the **Manners** and **Customs** of the most Eminent Public Houses in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

WITH

A HINT on the PROPS (or Principal Customers) of each HOUSE.

In a Method so plain, that any Thirsty Person (of the meanest Capacity) may easily find the nearest Way from one House to another.

Done by several HANDS.

Illustrated with proper Cuts.

Sold by T. Bickerton in Pater-noster-Row. Price 6d
Where the First Part may be had at the same Price.

Advertisement.

George Clements is desired to take Notice, That we received his Letter, and detatch'd two of our Malt-inquiring Topers to the Royal Head at the *Three Cranes*; but as our Messengers met with saucy Language from the Hostess, we pass by that House, and the old Officer that's parted from his Wife, as not worthy a Page in our Book.

We beg Pardon of *Tom Man*, [of *Leadenb—street*] for not taking Notice of his great *Wooden Pot-Book*; and for omitting to insert Capt. *B—d*, as one of his principal Props.

Other Houses of Note, near the White-Lyon, mention'd on the other side, Viz.

The *Adam and Eve*, [honest *Drake's*] a pleasant House, the Liquors right Good: In this Garden you may see Tame Pheasants and Partridges, and sometimes Tame PULLETS.

Whit— at the *White-Hart* is a great Dealer in Horses: He sells fine Amber Beer, but is a mortal Enemy to a little Vessel; for if you call for a Pint, he brings up a Quart, and tells you *He can't drink out of a lesser Gage!* and this he does with such a pleasing Air that I think no Man can be angry at.

Now come we to the *Bunch of Grapes*, honest *Potter* from *Newport-Pagel*, — a courteous Host and Hostess; and Mrs. *Mary* good-condition'd and obliging: — rare Two-peny, and Mild Beer; and, if I must speak the Truth, I think his *BOB* at 3 half-pence a Noggin, exceeds *Martin's* at 2 *d*. At this House you may depend on good Usage.

The *Bull* in *Old-street* affords mighty Bub, and so does the opposite *Cock*; but he that is for a Dish of Fun, with good Drink, let him repair to old *Flying-hog*, at the *Ball* in *Cherry-tree Alley*.

Brick-



lane.

NOW for a Landlord, who to let us know,
 That he has more than Two Strings to his Bow,
 Of Three Signs, all at once, hangs out a furious Shew. }
 Furious indeed, as they're in Paint express'd,
 But, since Defunct, the meekest Coward's Jest;
 For if the Proverb's Credit we rely on,
 A living Dog surpasses a dead Lyon.
 But Adages aside, as Things improper,
 This is BOB T—L—Y's Mansion, BUCK—Y's Cooper,
 A Man, who fearless of Domestick Strife,
 Carries on Love-Intrigues before his Wife;
 Dares in Despight of her two Rows of Teeth,
 Bring her huge Rams-horns Home from Mistress SM—TH,
 Which she, good Woman, courteously receives,
 And causes to be tipp'd with Golden Leaves;
 While in requital to his Gift, betwixt
 The two Brow-Antlers, is a Cup affix'd,
 To be drunk off by ev'ry Cuckold Guest,
 And our good Host himself, among the rest.
 The Props that are this House's chief Support,
 Is HOL—S, who justly now sits alaMort;
 And though he has been frolicksom of late,
 With Whims of * Apparitions in his Pate, }
 Now mourns his Son's, and not his Garden's Fate.
 Dame P—XT—ON, and her Daughter too are seen,
 Thirsty Promoters of our Landlord's Gin,
 Of which a Gallon at a time is laid,
 For Draughts at Night, beneath the latter's Bed.
 Old Rotten Cheese here likewise Nightly sits,
 And, with his Sponse, gets drunk for what she Knits.

* This Apparition, which was said to do much Mischiefe in
 the Garden among the young Plants, appear'd at last to be
 only ———'s great Dog.

Chiswel-

street.



(Call,

E *England's* bless'd Martyr's Head next claims our
 A House that *rises* by that Monarch's *Fall*,
 Kept by a Man, who though his Name is *Mead*,
 A Name distinguish'd by a factious Breed,
 Detests the *bloody Crew* that caus'd that *impious Deed*,
 Faithful to *Felt—m's* and to *Dold—'s* Cause,
 H' Accounts as justly, as he justly Draws.
 In both Capacities of Clerk, and Host,
 True to the Duties of his double Post ;
 Since none can better keep his Master's Book,
 None better after his own Business look,
 As, though a Tap-House, every Place is clean,
 Good Usage and good Liquors found within.
 Here *Br—wn* the Cooper to the Brew-house near,
 By Drinking, shews this Ken excels for Beer :
 Here *Johny Sm—d*, whose Taste has oft been try'd,
 Quart after Quart, with all the Tribe beside,
 That wait upon the *Boiler*, or the *Dray*,
 Spend all the vacant Hours of Night and Day ;
 So, there's no doubt, but where the Brewers come,
 Good Drink must freight that hospitable Dome,
 For Grocer eats himself no rotten Plumb.

Other Houses of Note. The two Brewers, honest Cuz Coo,
 Landlord, the Coopers Arms, the Black Horse, all in Chiswel-
 street, and all eminent for brave Beer. But O rare Ben John-
 son in Whitecross-street ! Bell ditto, good Wine and good Beer.

Chiswel-

street.



Built in the last of ENGLAND'S HENRY'S Days,
 Here Trade increases in this Pyle's Decays ;
 The Fabrick seems just sinking to our Eyes,
 Yet we behold its Owner's Gains to rise.
 MUN SOLLARD boast, no House with Regal Sign,
 Can shew a greater Stock of Guests than thine.
 JOHN WINCHURCH, (or if Reason good you see,
 To call JOHN WINCHURCH, JACK of NEWBERRY)
 Once on a time in the foremention'd Reign,
 If Annals speak nor Story false and vain,
 Possess'd Two hundred Looms in one Abode,
 And had Five hundred Servants at his Nod ;
 A Clothier famous, and of high Renown,
 None Wealthier than himself in City, Court or Town.
 Nor does thy House, if thou'll't Account fall short
 Of Guests in full as num'rous a Resort ;
 For tell but Noses, that come there, they'll speak,
 Thee to have twice two hundred in a Week :
 Who, for the sake of Liquors therein Sold,
 Frequent it, Blind and Lame, and Young and Old.
 Thither old H—L, the Metal Whitner hies,
 When Thirst, and that is oft, his Thorax dries ;
 Full of Discourse, that tells us, o'er and o'er,
 Years he has us'd it more than Forty Four.
 Thither Miss BETTY, or WILL. DELAFORCE,
 An Ideor, more like to a Thief than Horse,
 For GRATIS Guzzle, many a time repairs,
 And is made Game of, while he Sports and Sneers ;
 Yet, though at's Folly PHILLIP's shake his Sides,
 He rides Sur TIM, that in the Coach-Box rides.

Little Moor-Fields.



THE Proverb says, and who'd a Proverb cross,
That Stones, when rolling gather little Moss ;
'Tis well, if this same Saying hit not Home,
BEN—T, the Vagrant Landlord of this Dome,
Who, in the Space of one revolving Year,
Has in four different Tenements sold Beer.
First, giv'n to Change, and Volatile in Will,
He left the **GEORGE**, for **SWAN** at **DOWGATE-HILL** ;
Thence, as the **MAGGOT** bit his Nob again,
He went to **WOOLPACK'S** Sign in **FOSTER-LANE**,
Where he a-while drew Drink, and thriv'd a-pace,
Yet, for all that, now settles in this Place ;
Nay, what would make a Satyrist to grin,
Gives **BURCH** one Hundred Pounds to fix therein.

The two chief Props that loiter here for Bub,
Are Prick-louse **B—L—N**, and fam'd Captain **SCRUB**.
The first avers h'had Threescore Shirts forsooth,
And twice two Dozen Pair of Shoes, in Truth ;
Add we to this, his Courage next, I pray,
When on **NOVEMBER'S** Thirty second Day,
He fought with several Highwaymen at **MIMS**,
And had his Hat shot through its very Brims.
The Last's so call'd from being Harlot's Cully,
Who tipp'd him Nag and Fiddle for his Folly.
Neither's by **BEN—T**, as no Chap can gain-say,
Held in Esteem like his Dogs **CILL** and **FANCIE**.
BEN—T, who fearing they should break their Rest,
Gives Lodger that's benighted from his Nest,
And craves Admittance, this Ungracious Answer,
That he may go his way, and e'en Buck-up with * Grandfire.

* A Watchman so call'd.

Other Houses of Note. The King's Arms, the Green-house
and the Golden Hind, all fam'd for good Liquors ; rare Dam-
son, Goosberry, Raspberry and Currant Wine sold only at the
Horse and Groom opposite to Moorfields.



NEXT to Moor's Gate, a-crois the Field so nam'd,
You'll find a House for courteous Usage fam'd;

The very Sight of't, at your Entrance in,
Speaks the good Hostess to be neat and clean;
Who, not for Want, but for Employment Trades,
And makes good Servants of three handsom Maids,
That in their proper Sphere observant move,
Two in the lower Room, and one above.
Ar't ready, pretty Maid? says City Beau,
Yes, Sir, cries MOLL, that never answers, No,
And strait supplies the Fop with Dish or Glass,
That looks most wishfully upon her Face,
And views her swelling Bubbies, as they rise
Conscious of no Design, with guilty Eyes;
Or, if she to the Coffee-Mill repair,
And jut about her Tayl with nimble Air;
What Thoughts unchast those Motions in him form,
Ev'n while the Girl is innocent of Harm!
Nor is the Lass that keeps the Bar, though free,
Less decently behav'd and chaste, than she;
But at your Service, whensoever you call,
For Liquor in the List against the Wall,
That hangs drawn at full length in spacious Words,
To tell the different Sorts this House affords,
Which every Customer must hold confess'd,
Are, in their kind, the nicest and the best:
Ev'n such as Proud New-River's Chapman please,
Who struts o'er others of more high Degrees,
That more agreeably this Mansion use,
Of universal Note, for universal News.

Moor-Fields.



IN Moor's most pleasant Field, where Northern Lads
 With Western Youths, contend for broken Heads,
 And where our Wealthy Citizens repair,
 To lengthen out their Lives with wholesome Air :
 Joining to Trotter's famous Castle, stands
 A noted Mansion built by artful Hands ;
 Where Young or Old, at small Expence, may find
 Delightful Pastimes to refresh the Mind.
 Hither the sprightly Genius has recourse,
 To practice riding on the Flying-Horse ;
 Where, Danger-free, he thro' the Air may scow'r,
 And, void of Wings, fly fifty Miles an Hour ;
 Nor has this Courser, tho' he runs so fast,
 One living Leg to expedite his hast ;
 Yet carries double, treble, if requir'd,
 But never stumbles, or is ever tir'd.
 As for the pregnant Wife, or tim'rous Maid,
 Who fear, perhaps, to mount so swift a Pad,
 Here's a true SOUTH SEA Coach, that sporting flies
 Between the humbler Earth and lofty Skies,
 Manag'd to rise and fall with little Pains,
 Like that uncertain Stock that turns our Brains.
 Liquors, the best, are also vended here,
 From Heav'nly Punch, to HALSEY's Noble Beer,
 By gen'rous WHITEHEAD, who deserves the Bays
 From all the Sons of Malt that Merit praise ;
 Therefore, if any should these Truths distrust,
 The Flying-Horse will prove the Poet just,
 Thither repair and you will surely find,
 Your Entertainment good, and Landlord kind.

Old



Bedlam.

FROM this well-natur'd Man, well-pleas'd we pass
 To a most ill-behav'd affected Ass;
 A Man whose Mind of quite another Cast,
 Disdains Advice, and Soars beyond his Last:
 As he, with starch'd Demeanour, makes a Pause,
 And struts behind the Liquor which he draws,
 Giving no Answer to a Question made,
 Though its of Service to promote his Trade.
 Morose and Insolent, perhaps because
 His Name-Sake understood BEAR-GARDEN LAWS,
 And has obtain'd a reputable Word
 For many a lucky Bout at Staff and Sword,
 Be that his Pride——it grieves me to my Soul,
 To sink so low as HOCKLEY in the Hole;
 Yet since my Pen has to this Thought giv'n Vent,
 Let him e'en take the Saying as its meant,
 To bring him to a Knowledge of his Post,
 And make him learn the Duty of an Host:
 Henceforward, when a Customer comes in,
 T'acost him freely, not to cock his Chin.
 For howsoe'er Glass-makers, neigbb'ring by,
 May from the Nature of their Work be dry,
 Howsoe'er Thirst may rage within their Throats,
 And make them send for Two-Peny by Greats;
 What Crouds soe'er may fill each antique Room,
 Long us'd to Spittle and Tobacco's Fume:
 In fine, how much soe'er his Liquor's Fame
 Contributes to advance his House's Name:
 None but a Sot, who's nought but good Drink heeding,
 But will avoid it for the Master's Breeding.

Advertisement. Mr. Pricksmall at the Horse in Moorelane
 sells good Drink; at this house Mother Shipton's Prophecy is
 always before your Eyes; for the Females Flock here to ban-
 ter my Landlord on his Name. This is the Buck's-horn, but
 my Lord Miller's is the Bulls-horns; the Eagle and Child and
 the White-horse are also in this Lane. Fly your Kite! B

Cripple-



gate.

SO much for Stiffness and a Lord-like Air,
 Let Gayety be next the Muse's Care,
 A jovial, sensible and courteous Man,
 Here represents himself in honest DAN.
 From CHIDLEY's Race see this Descendant sprung,
 A Name that has in Record flourish'd long;
 Famous for many a Match with running Horse,
 And distancing its Rivals in the Course :
 Though now, in him we see no other Stir,
 Than, who draws Wine, or Beer ? a coming Sir.
 As, in his stead, his Sign with radiant Face,
 Shews us the Sun that daily runs its Race,
 To bring this Landlord in Increase of Gain,
 Which flows upon him from the Grape and Grain.
 Much good may those Emoluments produce,
 He's sure to put them to a gen'rous Use :
 To make it by his Customers be seen,
 His House is, like his Liquors, neat and clean.
 Whether for HORWOOD's Drink he takes our Coyn,
 Or else accepts it for fam'd AUSTIN's Wine,
 Unmix'd, and of itself most exquisitely fine.
 The first he draws, in Common with the Beer,
 That's sold at the BLACK DOG in SHOREDITCH Fair;
 For so 'tis justly styl'd from the Resort,
 Of Shoals of Malt-Worms, there to Drink and Sport.
 Attentive to Decline of Night from Noon,
 To hear the Clock play the Haymaker's Tune.
 The last, I mean his Wine, that needs no Brewer,
 Is of good Vent, and of good Words secure.

Other Houses of Note. The Bull in Hart-street, mighty
 Bub: Magpye at Cripplegate very good Beer : Plough in
 Forestreet a Tenement to Lett.

Wood-



street.

Here Justice *Ball*, or, while our Hand is in
At Nick-names, lives demure Sir *Thomas Thin*;
A Man, than whom no House has juster got,
For drawing us full Measure in his Pot;
And giving Notice, if his Drink's not good,
That such a Sort is not so Right as't shou'd.

Fain would this Landlord, *tho' meer Skin and Bone*,
And almost dwindled to a *Skeleton*,
Be counted Fat, and for that Purpose cries,
He shou'd be choak'd, but for *Tap-Exercise*,
In drawing *York's Pale-Ale*, or *Bull's Milk Beer*,
And right *Barbadoes Rum*, that's neat and clear.

O'er these, and other Liquors clean and nice,
Each Monday, Tradesmen Club it for a Sice;
Who once a Year, of different Sorts of Callings,
Do what some Married People call *Bear-hawling*;
That is, take out their Wives into the Fields,
And see what Chear some neighb'ring Village yields;
Tho' not till they sometime before have stoop'd,
To clear the Way for Coats too widely hoop'd.
The Chief of these is Cancer-curing † *P--yne*,
Calls Maid to bring a *Tankard Mild and Plain*.
The Lawyer asks, *Where now stands Parson Lug?*
For want of Drink you will my Spirits clog.

There's sly *Senacherib* too, that acts the Quaker,
Of Female Jobbs a doughty Undertaker;
Who, by Report, has made his Comrades Mirth,
By putting of his * *Worm* within their *Earth*.

† Dr. Payne in Booth-street, Spittlefields, Eminent for Curing Cancers. — — * Hic jubeo! says *Senacherib*.

Silver-



Street.

THE Man that keeps this House is for his Part
 An Honest Fellow and a Generous Heart ;
 BUSE, who's tall and goodly to the Sight,
 A Son of ANAK for his tow'ring height,
 Though in his Temper a true ISRAELITE.
 Ne'er, e'en at Home, will this Man grudge to spend
 His Three Pence with a Customer, or Friend,
 And entertain him with diverting Chat
 Over a Liquor that's call'd This and That.
 Of which old DRURY several times a Day,
 Makes half Pints o'er and o'er to come in Play ;
 One at a time, as often as he calls,
 And takes a Pipe and Smokes, and Drinks and Spawls :
 Thence, at the Tavern 'tis his Custom still,
 Over another Pipe to drink a Gill.
 KETTLE too cannot, though he's Lame and Weak,
 But hither limp with, in each Hand, a Stick,
 The Drink here set on broach, and here alone,
 Being attractive like the Loadstone grown,
 That Iron, Motionless, can to it Force,
 And towards its Embraces bend its Course.
 JOHN CALVIN'S Jehu, for Sedition ripe,
 Cants likewise of Religion o'er his Pipe ;
 While captious DOBLE, Turnkey to the Pews,
 The Saints in MUGWEL-STREET, at Meeting use,
 Calls for half Pint of Two-penny again,
 And then slips out to come and call again.
 But P—the Painter (with his Brother STR—TON
 That is of humming Bouze a very Glutton,
 Where'er the Tyre-smith TOM commends full Cup,
 And pulls most lustily,) cries, Sup her up.

Bishopsgate-



Street.

NExt *Avery Hobbs* his Mansion bids us stop,
 And in it drink a very hearty Cup;
 Six *Go-downs*, upon *Rep*, of *Threps*, or take
 Bumpers of finer Liquors *Supernac*;
 Both, in their Kind, as good as can be found
 In any Publick House on English Ground:
 The very Sign invites us at the Door,
 But, oh! the Landlord, and his Treatment, more!
 This Man of Men, believe me not to joke,
 Lives, tho' his Neck has, by a Fall, been broke;
 A Fall, that kill'd the Mare upon the Spot,
 On Back of which he was advent'rous got:
 As *Esculapius*, in Baker's Shape,
 Set him to Rights, and caus'd him to Escape;
 So, if great Things to little we compare,
 And *Mariborough's Horse* be nam'd with *Hobbs's Mare*,
 The Princely Chief that does this House adorn,
 With Looks that speak him for great Actions born,
 Once in *Ramellia's* Field, to Conquest flew,
 Spar'd by the Bullet that his Courser flew.
 But not to blend Affairs of War with Trade,
 On which alone, our present Scheme is laid,
 Tho' he sells *Ale*, this Host's a *Vintner* bred;
 And howsoe'er nor *White* nor *Red* he vends,
 Is, by a Sort of *Wine-Trade*, made Amends;
 Since Gentry that frequent his House, lay down,
 A Sice for every Bottle of their own.



Bridewel-ally, Southwark.

HERE ENGLAND'S Red Tribunal having brought
Men of Black Dealing, and much Blacker Thought,
Live by an Office, Adjective a House,
Whereof the Managers ben't worth a Soufe ;
Because, if every Person had his own,
THIS HOUSE OF OFFICE had been never known.
I speak not this, to run upon the Mint,
Or shew a Heart obdurate as a Flint ;
But since such Offices are suffer'd there,
Why does not the Knight-Marshal enter's Prayer ?
Especially since D——BY there resides,
That takes off Scollops from his Prisoners Sides.
Alas for W——RD, only now in Sight,
Before your Face he carries on the Bite,
Like Fellow that in Street or Corner crys,
My Balls will take out Spots before your Eyes ;
When all he boasts does only make appear,
The Money's spent, the Spender ne'er the near :
Since ev'ry sign of Dirt and Grease remains,
And he that takes the Coat to clean it, Stains.
Little JACK H——T, I know him for a Trap,
Runs swiftly, and is skilful at a RAP ;
Oft does this Man of Laws, illegal, Talk,
Seen oft on TEMPLE'S Affidavit-Walk,
While three or four solliciting Assistants,
Speak ANGEL COURT from Angel's far at Distance.

Other Houses of Note. Golden-Lyon, near the Church
Dick M——ns, a broken Cheefsmonger, then a Bum, set up
an Inn at Salisbury, broke, came to Town, put his Bald N
into Nolegay Sarah's Stable, and so became Master of this Ke

The King's-head, kept by One-ey'd R—— and his ver
good-natur'd hopping Wife, a house of the same Stamp.

Rose and Crown, in Rose and Crown-Court, an honest Sou

Horshoe by the Bench—Jonney, my dear Honey, is the Re
coning paid ? — Rising-Sun, if the Drink was as good as the
are lofty ; 'twould be the best Bub in the whole Borough.



Here, *boon Companion*, give me leave to warn you,
 Look sharp's the Word, *Fœnum habet in Cornu!*
 The fawning Miscreant that owns this Home,
 Preys upon all the Guests that hither come,
 Cajoles them to their Ruin, Inch by Inch,
 Sent thence to starve in Prison, call'd *King's-Bench*,
 When they at the Expence of *Habeas Corpus*,
 Turn themselves over for another Purpose.

To ask what *Tribe* frequents this House, 'tis vain,
 Here Turnkeys, Tipstaves, Waiters, jointly drein,
 Poor Debtors out of every Jack of Cole,
 Without Compunction, or Remorse of Soul.

The Pris'ner, first transmitted by the Judge,
 Is carried into the *King's-Benche's* Lodge;
 Where, left by *Tip*, who bids his Charge God-by,
 J—s comes, and casting round a learing Eye,
 Accosts the Leeches planted near him, thus,
Masters, your Humble! Is he One of us?

Answer'd in the Affirmative, (to pass
 A Compliment) then to him drinks a Glass;
 Conducts him from the Turnkey, to his House,
 And cry's, *Moll, use him kindly*, to his Spouse;
This Gentleman's my Friend! This done, he says,
Master! each Guest, his Entrance-Bottle pays.

Hob! Moll, strait fetch a Bottle of Choice Red,
 Then leaves him by himself, to scratch his Head;
 Till Dinner calls, when fresh Demands ensue,
 And antient Customs are brought in a-new;
 Such as for *Garnish, Sir, a Bottle more,*
A Quartern for your going to the Door,
 Another, till he's sent, as has been said before.



THE Coxcomb of a bluff conceited Host,
 That swaggers here, and thinks to rule the Roast;
 Is *Bost-ck*, who still jangling with his Wife,
 Leads her, as she deserves, a weary Life;
 Since, to make no more Words of this same Matter,
 None, but himself, can match her for ill Nature.
 Upon his Sign, to shew its Owner's Wit,
Gill Ale is with an Air of Quackery writ,
Truly prepar'd, and recommended by
 Fam'd *Doctor Bostock*, which in short's a Lye;
 But who can hope for Truth within a Place,
 Where not one Symptom's to be found of Grace.
 Here one-ey'd *H—ll*, a Judge's Tipstaff late,
 Now Clerk of the Enquiries, drinks in Stare;
 Justly call'd *Father* by our Dame, 'tis true,
 Since without him there would be nought to do.
 Here likewise, smoaking over Mild and Stale,
 Sate *D—by*, Keeper of Knight Marshal's Goal,
 When not a flinging the merry Main elsewhere,
 Or at the *Pharaoh Bank* in *Hampstead* Air;
M—gan with him, joint Landlord of the Ground,
 Whereon *Leigh's* Booth and *Bullock's* to be found.
 Here o'er a Tankard and a Pipe, receive
 Such Monies as the *Doctor's* pleas'd to give;
 Who, though the Steward styles himself forsooth,
 Not only Landlord of the Ground, but Booth;
But less Amendments where there's little said,
Hist for the Wench that was this Doctor's Maid.

In the



Minories.

NO House of Entertainment far or near,
 Can outvie this for Potency of Beer ;
 For Punch, for Rum, and Brandy's speedy Vent,
 The Liquors, and the Reckonings, give Content ;
 All Utensils within so clean and neat,
 You might almost, if it were decent, eat
 Upon the Floor, whereon you place your Feet.
 This shews good Huswif'ry, and speaks the Fame,
 Of the well-temper'd hospitable Dame,
 Whose Olive Branches round her Table spread,
 Display the Fruits of a most faithful Bed.
 But above all, when you the Landlord see,
 You view a Man that is genteely free,
 Without Impertinence a jovial Host,
 Ever within the Boundaries of his Post,
 Easie and unaffected in Address,
 Either to greater Customers, or less,
 Commanders and Commanded both, still seem;
 Equally to depart home pleas'd by him,
 Whose smooth Behaviour will abide the Test,
 Of the most haughty and most humble Guest.
 Add we to these Delights of Sight and Taste,
 That if your Eyes are on the Ceiling cast,
 Thence pendent hang such Rarities, as might
 Be proper Objects for a Greshamite ;
 Furnish his Curiosity with more
 Wonders of Nature than he saw before.
 In fine, though too much cannot well be said,
 On such a fertile subject-dealing Head,
 As these are Wonders, wond'rous is this House's Trade.

Spittle-



fields.

JOHNS ANDREWS, alias upright JOHN, whose Gate
Speaks him erect, and as an Arrow strait,
Rules here in Chief, as Master of the Dome,
Whither great Multitudes of Tiplers come,
In Rooms carousing, and Green Arbours some,
To guzzle double Beer at single Price,
And swallow a full Gage for half a Sice.
This Landlord, when High-Constable severe,
W——r——ter the lofty, with assuming Air,
His House of Skettles, and of Cards, would clear,
Stood Tryal when Indicted, and at last
That empty Tool of Magistracy cast.
And why should he not do so, since it's plain
To all Men, that have any Share of Brain,
The Gaming Statute never was design'd,
To bar refreshing Body, or the Mind;
But to suppress the then prevailing Vice,
Of ruin'd Families at Cards and Dice.
On TUESDAY Nights, here Gentry, to commence
Skill'd in the Noble Art of Self-Defence,
Learn how to make a Parry, and to Thrust,
To all the Rules of Traverse truly just.
Here likewise, upon FRIDAY Nights appears,
A Club for Musick held these Forty Years,
To which Low, the Tobacconist, belongs,
An hearty Soul for Instruments and Songs,
BIRD, a great Dyer too, frequents this Ken,
The most obliging and behav'd of Men;
And so does BUTLER, by whom Proverb's cross'd,
Whose Verity no way in him can boast,
Since though that says, Nine Taylors one Man make,

Windmill-



hill.

THIS House, to give to CÆSAR CÆSAR'S due,
Contains such Drink as is surpass'd by few,
And holds a Landlord, whose frank open Heart,
Of most his Brother Victualier's gets the start ;
Tho', could he less Credulity have shewn,
That others Breasts were guiltless as his own,
He ne'er had Losses upon Losses known.
Witness the time when that most finish'd Chear,
F——r cajol'd him with his Rum Receipt :
In K——g's B——ch Walks: — No. 7. for that.
Witness again the Promise which was made
By the same Limb of Petty-fogging Trade ;
For so much Money paid him down in Hand,
Commissioners were so at his Command,
That CÆSAR SHUTTLESWORTH, for they're his Names,
Should be Tide-Water in the River THAMES ;
But, if that Post should difficult be thought,
And tiresome, a more easy should be got.
One at their Office, who of Forfeits judge,
Where nor a Soul amongst them acts the Drudge ;
Or else to make a Man of him at once,
For which he ought to break this F——er's Bones ;
Whene'er some Folks should NOVA SCOTIÆ quit,
And he had found a Quirk at Law for it,
CÆSAR should not of Pounds Four thousand fail,
As Tribute paid him down upon the Nail ;
But tho' such Frauds as these might others break,
WAYLETT, and his good Neighbours hold his Back,
WAYLETT, by none in Founder's Art surpass'd,
Tuneful in Soul, as in the Bells he casts ;
With whom, as Props, both SMITH and ALLEN sure,
ROWDEN and DAVIS, of unstain'd Repute.

Isling-

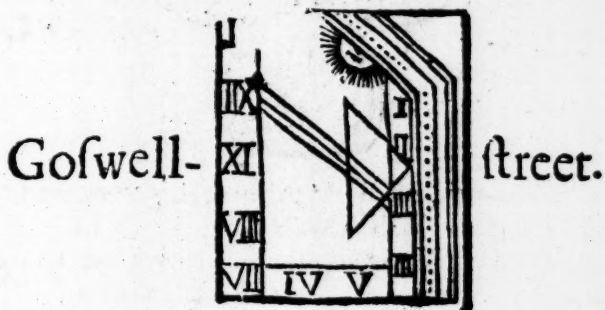


ton.

BE certain when you at PAUL GRIFFIN's stop,
 While he is in his House it needs no Prop ;
 Since in this little Dapper Fellow's seen,
 A Man that drinks his Glass up wond'rous clean :
 As he two Journeys, in one Day, will take,
 And kill himself almost, for a merry Living's Sake.
 Nor does the neat good Woman of this House,
 Tho' vers'd in other Matters than her Spouse,
 At Cookery fall short of him in Pains,
 To dress Meat well, while Drinking turns his Brains :
 Unwearied in her Labours to restore,
 To pristine Health sick Persons at Death's Door :
 Whereof but few, that Lodge with her for Air,
 Find her successful in her tender Care,
 Which more than the Physician's *NOSTRUM* saves,
 And raises Lodgers sinking in their Graves.
 Whom, if they're Females, our facetious PAUL,
 His *Angels* always takes delight to call.
 Or what's with him the more accustom'd Word,
 To Titles of his *Lovelies* they're preferr'd ;
 One of the which, S—— G—— v, the Printer's Wife,
 That to HIS, owes her renovated Life ;
 When free from Gout, our Host's alert and gay,
 He dignifies by Style of *Lovely Gray* ;
 Since she, by Lodging at his House is grown,
 As plump as Plenty from meer Skin and Bone.
 Add we to this, what's more distinguish'd found,
 Are Trees that shade a pleasant Skittle Ground,
 Which PAUL attends himself to suck his Face,
 And brag, when Drunk, of making BENDER'S * Case.

* He'll tell you that he was the first Man in England that made Constantinople or Bender Cases.

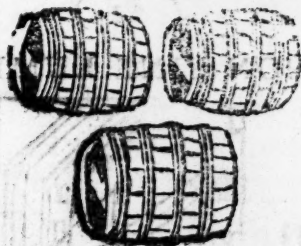
NON SINE LUMINE.



DOwn from the *Star and Garter* we proceed,
 To Sign, on which three *Latin* Words we read,
 As without Doors *non sine Lumine* seen,
 Shews our Host *Legit* has some Light within.
 This Man of Men, for so we must him style,
 Receives us *Coming* with a courteous Smile,
Going salutes us with an equal Grace,
 His *Wine*, his *Beer*, as grateful as his Face;
 That tells us from its Chearfulness we may,
 Just as we please, either depart or stay,
 Use our own Freedom, his Behaviour such,
 Whether we speak for little, or for much,
 No Drawer here impertinent to bawl,
 And interrupt us with, *Sirs, do ye call?*
 The Props that chiefly do this House support,
 Are none of our Frequenters of the Court;
 But Customers of a much better sort:
 They deal not here for Chalk, nor Pen and Ink,
 The ready Money pays for ready Drink;
 While the rich Hogman fills around the Glas,
 And Cow-keeper will not his next Man pass,
 While *Toby G-----n* a full Bumper takes,
 Protesting that as *F---ll---r* brew'd, he *bakes*,
 And swearing that his Worship for that Reason,
 Ought to have born him Company to Prison;
 While, in a Word, still sitting Cheek by Jowle,
B---l pulls deeply with his Comrade *C-----le*.

(22)

Red-cross-



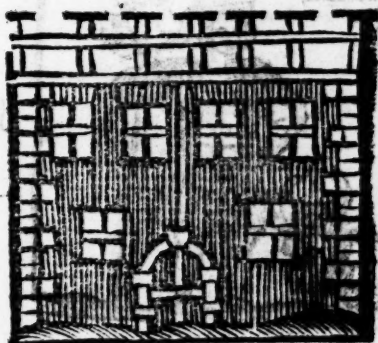
direct.

DICK W——T, of all Mankind, it's very certain,
Fulfil's the Proverb which says, Fools have Fortune;
For, in the first Place, favour'd by that Goddess,
That ever sides with the most brainless Noddies;
After three Wives Decease, and gone to Pot,
A Fourth, as luck wou'd hav't, this Host has got;
Who but for wedding this, her hireling Slave,
Never one Sign of Indiscretion gave,
A Woman of good Management and Sense,
And undeserv'd by him without Offence.
Tho' he well serv'd by * CALVERT and by FEAST,
Finds that his Trade's, by pow'rful Drink, increas'd;
And has, of late, an House adjacent thrown,
By a triumphal Arch into his own;
Through which he prides to pass, and to repass,
With Joy that seems to wanton in his Face,
Like that of Hero, who with Grandeur gay,
Makes Publick Entrance on Thanksgiving Day.
Lofly he looks, as if no Ground he felt,
Up to the Fabrick, which his Money built.
Such was his tow'ring Arrogance of Thought,
When he, to speak for Hackney Coachman brought,
Said to the Justice, to give him Title high,
So may it please your Worship's Majesty.
The chief Supporters that for Tipple call,
And make a furious Noise † in Buck-Ratt-Hall,
Are first TOM B——V, that deals in Gin,
And takes Whore's Caps in Pawn, when Mony's thin.
Dame DICK the Butcher roo's a mighty Man,
Dame JACK the Snob, both great as Cup and Can.
Rattle-skul SPR——M, drunken JONES, who'll swill
Down as much Bub as B——LL——D, or as H——LL;
Nor must the greasie Sides-man be forgot,
Nor Glyster Pipe, an uncontested Sot.

* Two Brewers.

† The new Room.

Ironmon-



ger-lane.

THIS House is kept, although its Drink is mellow,
 By one JACK H——LL, a poor brainless Fellow,
 A Skip, advanc'd from Livery Coat, of late,
 To a Blue Flag, with which he struts in State,
 And claims almost as much Obeysance too,
 As if he rode first Admiral of the Blue.
 The chief of Liquors that are styl'd the best here,
 Is Drink that's Christen'd by the Name of CHESTER,
 Over which S——W——B——DGE, Lord of all the Props;
 Diverts himself each Night, when in his Cups,
 With Dialogues, no doubt Instruction-Proof,
 Between the Landlord, and an IRISH Oaf,
 Whom superannuated in Grimace,
 They with the learned Name of Doctor grace;
 So call'd, perhaps, because at Funeral's still,
 He lights those to the Grave the Doctors kill.
 Other Supporters of this Tipling Ken,
 Are young Excise, and Court of Conscience-Men.
 One of the first of these, when late a Courting,
 Had like t'have hook'd in a West Country Fortune,
 By means of the good Wife within the Bar,
 That deals as Broker in such sort of Ware,
 Tho' she has impair'd her Trade by t's-taking Air.
 The Chief of all the Last is Satan's Godson,
 The high and mighry Jobbernolling H——N,
 A Wretch, still bragging of his brave Exploits,
 In cheating Cripples of their Parish Doits.
 With his wide Mouth, still gaping like the Grave,
 Which never ceases to demand and crave.

Milk-



street.

THE Landlord here advanc'd from a Musket brown,
 To a Blue Flag, and House of some Renown,
 By an old C—st-off of the D—gift B—l,
 When of each other they'd their Bellies full;
 This Champion Earl has plac'd without his Door,
 To shew what Calling he was of before;
 How he in Wars and Warriors took Delight,
 And had stood Centinel full many a Day and Night.
 Here, in tall Glass that has the Maids regard,
 Who still must like what's a full measur'd YARD,
 Large quantities of BURTON Ale are swill'd,
 By Gangs of Warehouse-Men in Traffick skill'd;
 Who, all from MANCHESTER, full North t'a Man,
 Cry Sharp's the Word, and bite that deepest can.
 Asev'n some Quakers, most demurely grave,
 Herd with them to be taught to play the Knave,
 With YEAS and NAYS to gloss o'er Things untrue,
 From GODFREY'S Court, and H——cock and his Crew,
 Whose Sanctimonious Mouths are seen to Water
 When JENNY drinks, the Butter-Woman's Daughter;
 That grasps the Glass with a most ardent Strength,
 And seems almost to eat it for its length;
 But what's the most surprising of the whole's,
 Here M——n, the Printer, with a Press that rolls,
 Who ne'er was brought to such a Pass before,
 Was bully'd into Payment of a Score;
 That long had stood, and long was like to stand,
 (To shew, that he to's Mouth could lift his Hand)
 Stedfast and fix'd; as Tune to Hundred Psalm,
 Before, 'twas thought, 'twould touch the Landlord's Palm.

Our Host being offended be-
cause he was not in our First
Part, we hope we have here
made Amends for that Neglect.



THIS Man, Lord bless him ! with his thin-jaw'd Spoule,
Knocks under Table, and her Rules allows,
Turns Poet, to speak well of her, when none
Besides himself, would take her for his own ;
But he, poor Man, from OXFORD Chandler sprung;
Truckles, and is precarious to her Tongue ;
He draws, and draws, his Customers to please,
But she, a Shrew, denies him Rest and Ease.
What Pity is't, that Whiffler of APOLLO
Should have a noisy Drum of Scold so hollow,
That, Day and Night, drowns all his choice Expressions,
By her shrill Voice's insolent Transgressions.
Mercy on me ! had I but such a Wife,
So amicably known a Friend to Strife,
So friendly to the Breach of Friendship's Laws,
Such an eternal Clack, without a Pause ;
Then, then should I, in Noise and Nonsense drown'd,
In * Mill'cent, have an Hundred thousand Pounds.
Thus writes her Husband, whom she daily scoffs,
Plac'd by her amongst Ignorants and Oafs,
At the same time the Fellow shews his Cunning,
And born in OXFORD, gives her CAMBRIDGE Punning.
O TOM ! take heed, who call your self HAL WILDAIR,
You do not make your self a very Child here ;
Speak not (if you would roundly at the Globe,
Gain from the Vintner's Cask, or Brewer's Tub)
Of Col'nels, Captains, Doctors, or of Lords,
Toppers are seldom fond of wayward Words ;
Especially from such as they maintain,
Nor with Fools Pence, Enrich a Fool in Grain.

* Her Name.

D

Over-against Aldermanbury-Postern.



Against that Wall, where **B E D L A M**'s Backside's shewn,
 And good Sir **H A R C O U R T**'s Frontispiece is known ;
 There stands a House, accusom'd long to Trade,
 Of old, well prop'd by many a fuddling Blade,
 Though it, of late, has, needful of Repairs,
 Been held up by Supports, unlike to theirs,
 By Beams, its crazy Fabrick to sustain,
 And give it back its priffine Strength again ;
 Each Room made more commodious to receive
 The Guests, that daily their Attendance give,
 To make their Host **J O H N W E N D L E B O R O U G H** thrive. }
 Whose Stores of Amber, and of other Beers,
 Mellow'd, refin'd, and smooth'd with Age and Years,
 In divers Cellars lie besides his own,
 And prove our quondam Tonsor wealthy grown,
 Who, while we must allow he well behaves,
 Our Pockets, not our Beards, now closely shaves.
 Among the rest, whom th' above Drinks invite,
J O H N W———x calls in here by Day and Night ;
 A Cook, if that is not a Name to high,
 For a Pease Potridge-Vender by the by,
 One, that in nothing else besides it deals ;
 But Haslets, Trotters, and a few Cow-Heels.
 There's **D r. B r**———n too, whose Physick Courses,
 Are learnedly prescrib'd for Heels of Horses ;
 And his fat Brother of the Branch, who scarcely
 Will lose the Name of Buttock and of Parsely :
 This Man, when Groom or Coachman is a dry,
 Calls for Great Tankard, by the Style of M Y.
 But above these, and every other Guest,
H A M———n's the Man, whose Chara&cter's the best.

St. Ann's-lane, Aldersgate.



O Thou ! that tak'st thy Christian Name from Saint,
 Who's Tutelary to the Men that Paint,
 And wear'st a Sirname, that can ne'er be right,
 Since, though thy Name is **LUKE**, no Colour's White ;
 Give ear, and hearken to the great Reaown
 Of thy pale Hocky, and Two-peny Brown,
 Thy Dram, that has of Custom good no Failure,
 And's with an Emphasis, styl'd Dr. **TAYMOUR**
 Hearken, I say, whilst at Back-Gammon seen,
 Thy Time does slip away with Slipper-maker **GREEN**,
 With, whom, so will's the over-ruling Cast,
 Glove-General **WILLS** has almost play'd his Last.
 Forc'd to abscond a while, as it's confess'd,
 And leave an Egg unhatch'd within his Nest.
 But, above all thy Customers, **TOM SLY**,
 Good Mrs. **LUKER**'s Servant, by the By,
 Is careful, with his Handsel, to salute you,
 And with half Pint of Hocky pay his Duty,
 As he, at opening Door of this thy House,
 Watches for Drink, as does a Cat for Mouse.
 Not but this Sot is suited to a Hair,
 By **B——ND** the Cobler, who'll protest and swear,
 That upon **MONDAY**'s and on **TUESDAY**'s drunk,
 He'll deal in nothing but strong Beer and Funck :
 This Fellow, when with Drink-expecting Eye,
 He sees a bouzing Comrade passing by,
 Whips out of Stall, with an old Shoe in Hand,
 And makes him to the Text of Tippling stand ;
 At the same time he hates the Name of Cobler,
 More than a bit Subscriber does a **Babler**.

St. Paul's Church-yard.



View but the Sign, and it will make you Smile,
 At sight of Goose and Instrument to Broil,
 This will excite you both to Drink and Eat,
 Oh! for a Leg! for its delicious Meat,
 To relish the Strong Tipple retail'd here,
 And give, more than a Zest in Wine, to Beer;
 But I forget, the Bird's unpick'd I see,
 And will wear Feathers still in spite of me.
 DUTCH Carvers from St. PAUL's adjacent Dome,
 Hither, to whet their Whistles, daily come,
 Not Tools, and as their Guts with Belch they feast,
 To crave still more in Language of the Beast.
 Old W——m B——y, or if you please, Old Bunkar,
 Is often at free Cost most deadly Drunk here.
 This Wealthy good-for-nothing Wretch of late,
 Till he by Building climb'd to an Estate,
 Was Master of this House, wherein he still
 Lodges, of powerful Bouz to take his fill;
 And that same Throat with strongest Guzzle glut,
 Which he for Widow B——n at Tavern cut.
 JACK Y——g too, and a Crowd of Fiddlers more,
 Here tire the Guests, and play them out of Door.
 As every Mother's Son amongst the Crew,
 Both eats and drinks, and spends but Pence call'd Two,
 For Pennyworth of Cheese, besides good Bub;
 Their Bread, their own, throughout the Cat-Gut Club.
 BOB B——n, the Painter, too's another Prop,
 Famous for taking Women's Linnen up;
 JACK B——w likewise known for Tipping Four,
 And EAT——n never backward at a Whore.
 Cum multis aliis.

Carter-



lane.

-101112

ENtring this House, when thirsty Lips are dry,
 We shall not only please our Taste, but Eye,
 That wheresoe'er it's cast around, surveys
 All Things conducive to its Landlord's Praise,
 Whether this little merry Grig of WALES,
 GRIFFITH, diverts us with Cod's Splutter Nails;
 Or his Wife BETTY, a sharp pretty Tit,
 Full as an Egg—nay, fuller far—of Wit,
 Obliges us with an harmonious Song,
 From the soft melting Musick of her Tongue.
 As, for the Liquors, pale, or Stout, or plain,
 No better can be found in all the Lane,
 They, of themselves, will of their Goodness speak
 Of Strength enough to hold their Master's Back,
 In making those alone that drink them weak.
 Nor are the Tiplers that this House support,
 Of a mean, abject, mercenary sort.
 Here, WO—TER, that's a Mirror of a Man,
 And lives in PAUL'S Church-yard, at Sign of Swan,
 Drinks when at leisure, and he Time can spare,
 For sake of Kinswoman within the Bar.
 NED JON—S and WILLIAM WAT—RS too are seen
 Here, to take off their Glass and Tankard clean.
 With ROOK—BY, who's a Trencher-man most fierce,
 At a Calve's Face, and at an Ox his A—se,
 Wherein most violently deep he cuts,
 To still the Cravings of his hungry Guts;
 Not that he acts more keenly at his Vittles,
 Than S—RT the Toper, who's a Dab at Skittles.

The Rarities of the Goose and Gridiron (mentioned on the other Side) are, 1. The odd Sign. 2. The Pillar which supports the Chimney. 3. The Skittle-Ground upon the Top of the House. 4. The Water-course running thro' the Chimney. 5. The handsom Maid Hannah.

Carte r-

lane.



DRawling *Tom Beedle* in this Mansion dwells,
 Boasting that none in fuller Quarters sells,
 And the old *Bragadocio* would speak true,
 Were *his*, fill'd at the *Top* and *Bottom* too.
 Here *Proctors* that delight in single Lives,
 While they get Pelf by *Licences* for Wives,
 Us'd some time since, for Eight Pence each *per Head*,
 To be at Dinner Season daily fed,
 Till *Tom*, who found young Appetites too keen
 For such a Sum, advanc'd those Pence to *Ten* ;
 For which each Mother's Son may rule the *Roast*,
 Furnish'd with *Belly-Timber* at his Cost.
 So that the Man, who dealt in *Coals* before,
 And Wholesal'd and Retail'd the Sulph'rous Oar,
 By which, their *Meals* got ready to be eat,
 Were dress'd, now trafficks not in Coals but *Meat*.
 And may, much Gain from his New-Trade arise,
 No Stomachs damp it of too great a Size,
 Such as is *Proctor T---v---s*, whose Throat
 Swallows down Food for a whole Tun of Gut ;
 But as *Wat Hutch---s*, whose genteel Air,
 Shews his Behaviour Gentleman-like fair,
 And pleasing to the Girl that keeps the Bar,
 She's a young smirking Midwife, mark you that,
 And Madam *Laycock* must know what is what.

Amen



Corner.

WELL may the Cock, with Crest erected Crow,
 And look with State on the adjacent Row;
 Since by the Liquors, here, in Plenty fold,
 He may his Head above his Neighbours hold;
 And, as he once had done in *Clench* his Days:
 His present Master's Fortunes amply raise:
 Though now grown starch'd with supercilious Air,
 This House's wonted Guests to *Dog* repair.
 There, over Wine, their Hackney Scribes to cheat,
 And bite them with a Glass and Bit of Meat.
 For still the Drink's of every kind as good,
 The same the moderate Price of wholesome Food,
 As, in the time just mention'd, that it well
 May be affirm'd *Old Clench* survives in *Bell*.
Bell, who's not only well-behav'd, but read,
 And can Discourse on many a knotty Head.
 Name but the Subject, and he'll hit it Pat,
 With Explanations upon this and that;
 As we in him a Churchman staunch may view,
 To Monarchy and to Religion true.
 While *John*, the Porter, half Seas o'er, does quaff,
 And guzzle down full Pints of *Half and Half*.
 Northough Whig Book-worms pass this Mansion by,
 (Such as is *Cb—ld*, with a malignant Eye,
 Full of his Brother *B——r*'s empty Schemes)
 Shall he want Friends in *Morph—w* and in *James*;
 Since they with a much better Grace prevail,
 For more delicious Draughts of *Oxford Ale*.

Smith



field.

Hence we, for Order cannot well be kept,
 Where many Houses must, of Course, be slip'd,
 Through Streets and Lanes, daadling to SMITHFIELD WEST,
 Bait at BULL'S HEAD, that fashionable Beast;
 Whole Horns well-spread, and spacious to the Eye,
 Remind us of Brow-Antlers low and high,
 Not only plac'd on Foreheads poor and small:
 But even on SOUTH SEA Gentry, and the Qual—
 This House, before it was rebuilt for View,
 Stands on the Ground that once contain'd two,
 The one the PURSE, I wish it had been full,
 For his sake that's turn'd out t'enrich the BULL:
 Though, this however's for him to be said.
 BARNACLE can't be deem'd without a Head,
 Since he, the * Undertaker undertook,
 And provid' an Host that reckon'd with his Book,
 As he fore TURE——t the Possession got,
 Of the whole Tenement upon the spot,
 Made EVANS pay down many a Piece of Gold,
 Before it was his Right to Have and Hold,
 By way of Martiage to new purchas'd Lease,
 That WELCHMAN put it in his Power to fleece;
 But, Caution whispers us, that Mum's the Word,
 And bids us call no Cit Canary Bird.
 What, if a Drover has his Hundreds lost?
 Must this be censur'd at another's Cost?
 A Sers Affair, 'tis manifest and clear,
 Concerns a Victualler only in his Beer;
 For be, who will, no better than he shou'd,
 He'll ne'er want Custom, while his Drink is good.

* Evans from whom he rented the House.

Essex-

street.



MILES, whom this Mansion for its Master owns,
 And who's the Successor to Mistress JONES,
 That out of it, by Dint of Female Strength,
 Buried three Husbands, stretch'd at their full length.
 MILES, a Companion full as good as e'er
 Stuck by a Tankard of good humming Beer;
 Shews, by the Tools of Black your Honours Shoe,
 That are in publick Room expos'd to view,
 He does the Rules of Charity pursue.
 This little Punch, so his Boy's call'd, can prove,
 Of late from Gallows but a Third Remove,
 When in the Streets a Vagabond he strol'd,
 To clean Folks Shoes, with both his own unsoal'd;
 Till soft Compassion warm'd out Landlord's Breast,
 From Satan's Jaws to rescue the Distress'd,
 To civilize an Infant wild and loose,
 And keep him from the Dread of TYBURN's fatal Noose.
 Success attend him for this Act, we pray,
 May a full House its just Rewards display;
 May this good Man Heav'n's Blessings threefold reap,
 For throwing thus his Bread upon the Deep.
 May F——s n— still drink like Fish one Pair of Stairs,
 And give himself a sort of Benchers' Airs;
 May the old Lawyer too, that sits below,
 Ne'er from his Practice of Night-Visits, go.
 May still JOHN FAITHFUL due Attendance pay,
 And JOSEPH REMNANT thirst twelve times a Day.
 May HOLINGHURST of Guzzle be no stinter,
 Nor FRY, that drinking, almost fries in Winter;
 Nor BOTCHING MEDLEY, with his Buckle Wife,
 Cease moulting of their Clay o'er Dainties, during Life.

Near Hick's-Hall.



NEXT, if we trace the Guidance of our Nose,
 'Twill lead us where good Drink of all sorts flows,
 Where Men of try'd Experience, Sporters keen,
 Drink up their Glasses, and their Tankards clean;
 Such as are Fr——s merry as the Day,
 Such pretty D——, the Scribe, alert and gay,
 Such (for no honest Man but takes his Part,
 Howe'er Dame Fortune jilts him) ——'s Friendly Heart;
 Not but these three Associates more would please,
 If they would do so by much less Degrees,
 And be their own Friends more than they're Dr. Pr——s. }
 A Landlord, who but laughs within his Sleeve,
 To see each one their proper Business leave,
 Carouse from Morn to Night, from Night to Morn,
 That his Law Costs for Oysters may be born;
 For an old Fishwoman's renown'd Defeat,
 With much ado most Cavalierly beat,
 Forc'd to preserve her precious Life by Flight,
 And afterwards to get four Guineas by it,
 So well this Hero of Law-Pedlars knows,
 The Rules whereby a crafty Trickster goes,
 That's us'd to Fan the Flames his Breath has blown,
 And burn his Client's Fingers, not his own;
 This he might learn from his Sage Lodger B———,
 Who in such Cases is a dextrous Sham;
 But who can set one that is Headstrong right,
 Or fix a Brain that's, like a Feather, light?

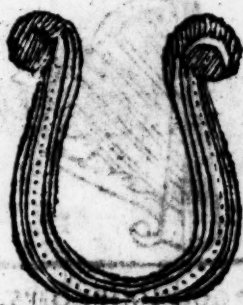


A Nd hence, good sober Sirs, let's take a jump,
 To honest *Davis's* against the Pump;
 Thy Cyder, *Evan!* and thy rare *Wellsb* Ale,
 Are too well known to need from us a Tale.
 Thy Humour, and thy *Latin* are so good,
 'Twould make one split his Sides, by G-d it would.
 Thy *Salve Domine*, *Tu quoque salvus sis*,
 Enough to make a Man himself be-piss.
 What hast to drink? says *L—*; quoth merry *Davis*,
 Cyder, Ale, Brandy, *Utrum horum Mavis?*
 Sir, if you like not that you put your Lip in,
 I have a Glass of Glorious Golden Pippin.
 Whoever then admires good Liquor, Wit,
 Humour, and in good Company would sit;
 And wisely sets it to himself a Rule,
 To be in Winter warm, in Summer cool,
 Must be at *Davis's*, or he's a Fool.

But I had almost quite forgot to tell,
 That Tuneful * *Parry*, does with *Davis* dwell.
 The *Thracian Orpheus*, as the Poets sing,
 Made Forests dance, and Brutes attend his String;
 All Nature wond'ring at the pleasing Lay,
 Took Ears, and listen'd to the Harper's Play;
 But, had Blind *Parry* flourish'd in those Time;
 (For all the *Thracian's* Numbers, and his Rhymes)
 Nature had turn'd from *Orpheus* to the Dim,
 Nay, *Orpheus*, and his Harp, had dangled after him.

* A blind Harper, who married a very handsome young Lady;
 from the Star and Garter at Illington, Broker and Father!

Blowbladder-



street.

James Monk here from the Cock in *White-hart-yard*
 Near *Drury's Hundred*, claims our just Regard.
 A Man that must be Mettle to the *Black*,
 And throughly vers'd in Matrimonial Smack;
 Or h' had ne'er hung a comely Dame on *Hers*,
 After sev'n Weeks were spent in Widow's Tears,
 For Spouse departed from this Mortal Life;
 Who'd live a *Widow*, that might be a *Wife*?
 This House of Houses, formerly the best,
 For *Drinks well-brew'd*, and choice of *Meats well dress'd*,
 Had dwindled in Repute since *Ridley's Days*,
 'Till *MONK* restor'd it from its last Decays,
 Just like the General of that glorious Name,
 Who brought these Nations to their wonted Fame.
 No Man for better *Two-penny* can wish,
 Which *B—ll*, the Lawyer, swills like any Fish,
 While *Tonson* *Scarlet*, like his Name appears,
 And *Gibson*, for full Draughts, lays by his Sheers;
 With *James* and *Austin B—ton*, sucks a-main,
 And *Sh—ck—gh* gapes for it, like Earth for Rain.
 As *Sleep*, the Fidler, keeps the last awake,
 With Talk of Birds, which both their Fancies take,
 And old Fan-painting *Wood*, who's a *French Roman*,
 In *Med'cines* for those Birds will yield to no Man.
 When Sick, or moking, they their Feathers shed,
 A Doctor fit, when Drunk, to cure the Dead.
 As Liquors brew'd by *Nicholson* and *Tate*,
 Trips up his *Heels*, as it ascends his *Pate*.

St. Martins

le Grand.



THE Man, that these *Three Morrice Dancers* owns,
 Is, tho' a *Welshman*, none of *Merlin's Sons*.
 That Prophet always held it to be good,
 His Oracles to deal from *Druid's Wood*; H
 This, while he brings not his Descent from thence
 Through Vehicles of *Pewter* shews his Sense:
 As he from Pints and Quarts of *Mineral Mold*,
 Speaks by his Drink, what strange Events they hold.
 Since ev'ry Drop contain'd therein's so strong,
 That it unbinds the Fetters of the Tongue,
 Gives a full Loose to Words unripe for Sound,
 And makes us seem to tread on Fairy Ground,
 That moves almost like *Delos*, when afloat,
 Caus'd by the Liquor swimming down our Throat;
 Drink that mult Customers by Scores engross,
 While *Hockley's Hole* shall boast an *Andrew Cross*!
 The Props on which this House, in chief, depends,
 And who're *Dick Jones*, the Landlord's, kindest Friends
 Are *Green*, a *Heel-maker* of good Repute,
 With *Hammond*, who makes *Lasts* to fit our Foot,
Murp- & the *Mercer* too, and *L-lock* dapper,
 A little merry Wight, that deals in Paper,
 Sit sometimes here among the *Tippling Crew*,
 That, to be *stitch'd*, leave *stitching* Coat and Shoe.
 While *William*, a *Welch Fidler*, climb and arch,
 Plays his late Grace the *Duke of Ormond's March*.



THe Drink which *Ivy* sells that owns this Sign,
 Clings to the Pot, as *Ivy* to the Vine,
 Its Froth remaining to its latest Drop,
 And loth to quit its *Hold*, when all the *Beer*'s drunk up.
 This knows the Man, who with *Right Rev'rend* Name,
 Lives with another's *meritorious* Dame,
 Whose *Husband* sometimes to his Shop repairs,
 And makes his *Last* to fly about her Ears,
 For thus defiling her Connubial Bed,
 By planting large *Brow-Antlers* on his Head.
 The *Good Man*, that the self-same Trade pursues,
 Now turn'd to making Clogs, from making Shoes,
 Will likewise by th'above-said Truth abide,
 And be a Witness on this Liqueur's side.
 As also *M-rphet*, spoken of before,
 Who frequently spends here a vacant Hour
 With *Con---way*, a Guzler clean and neat,
 Of *Leather-Cutting* Trade in *Angel-street*.
 Nor must we pass a certain *Crispin* by,
 Who's *Heart* was well, when's *Neck* was turn'd awry,
 'Till in its proper Place again 'twas set,
 He'll testify the Strength of this same *Wet* :
 Though he can't give great *Tokens* of his own,
 At the same time his *Wife*'s in Want of none.
 Fruitful of Issue, with contented Heart,
 By broken *Noverint Universi M---*;
 But above all the Chaps that use this Ken,
 No Craftsman breathing vies with honest *Ben*
Noble by Name, that lives at *Woodstreet*'s end,
 One that makes *Ladies Shoes*, that none can Mend.



WHERE CHARLES his Head near to the Globe is plac'd,
 WILL. AUDLEY'S Drink is grateful to the Tast;
 There, bred a Vintner, he his Wines retales,
 Choice as the best that are expos'd at Sales,
 Clean, bright and sparkling, like a Lover's Eye,
 From Vineyards of the Vale, to Mountains high.
 All in their Kinds most exquisite, nor can
 The Globe out do him, or the neighb'ring Swan;
 Though both those Taverns have deserv'd Applause,
 For the neat racy Wines that either draws.
 Besides, what recommends this Landlord more
 Than all his Change of Liquors, all his Store;
 His courteous Mein, his Industry to please,
 And win upon Affections by Degrees,
 Join'd to the Cares of a laborious Dame,
 Must, one Day, elbow him to Wealth and Fame;
 Since, tho' he's, as his Name declares, of Kin,
 To the fam'd Lord that founded AUDLEY'S Inn,
 With humble GUNDE, and with Behaviour meek,
 Alike he'll to a Gent. and Butcher speak;
 Alike he'll welcome them for Wine and Beer,
 And thank them with a most obliging Air.
 Nor, if the nicest Eater of a Guest,
 Would have his Food by Rules of Cookery dress'd:
 Does the good Wife of this well-manag'd Dome,
 Sherr of her Husband in her Business come;
 Since we, through every Publick House may look,
 And not find out a more experienc'd Cook.
 A Tavern Cook, that at one Fire can boast,
 Twelve Years rul'd both the Boil'd and Roast.

Liquor Pond-

street.



IN Street where Pond with Liquor us'd to flow,
 See *John Cole's* Cock, of Liquors Boast and Crow.
 O'er which *Tom Cock*, a Gun-Lock-smith that's Old,
 Threehalf Pence in his Hand whole Days will hold,
 As, though he cannot speak one Word that's plain;
 For Fumes of Drink within his Pericrane,
 He Stutters out a Jargon of Discourse,
 You'll know no more of than my *Lord Mayor's* Horie;
 Yet, while you understand not what he says,
 His Tongue runs on with Tales, from *Adam's* Days
 Down to the present Times, and pausing Cries,
 Almost at every Period, when he lies,
Perish my Blood if it is not, to bind
 His Falshoods, that they may your Credit find.
John Clevery, who to Bottom from the Top,
 Pint after Pint, most cleverly drinks up,
 Is full as good a Customer and Prop. }
 He's a rare *Gamester*, when engag'd at Cards;
 Which, with the Girls, have all his keen Regards,
 Tho' to be caught, at once, with * *Damsels* two,
 Is more than any single Sports-Man's due.
 * In *Coxe's-Alley*: Hush!

At the Coach and Horses near this Place, Fly your Kite;
 and so you may at the King's-head in Gray's-Inn-Lane,—
 be sure to carry good store of Pack-thread! But if you would
 have good Liquor, and good Usage, with a Dish of Innocent
 Fun, repair to Andrew Andras's at Bagnigge House.

Bow-



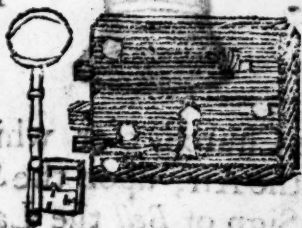
lane.

NEAR to the Church, o'er which a Dragon fell
 High in the Air, upon the *Spire* does dwell,
 There stands a Sign of *Bell* the Last of *Ten*,
 Well known to *Spittlefield's* and *Scottish* Men,
 That deal in Woollen or in Linnen Ware,
 And Trade in *Silks*, in *Muslin*, and in *Hair* :
 Here old *Will Newell*, as it plain appears,
 Has drawn good Drink for more than Forty Years.
 A *Ton* of Man, who'll any *Wager* wage,
 Take him what bold Adventurer dare engage,
 That not one Man in *England* can be found,
 'T' out-measure him in Bulk his Waste around.
 'Tis may, by some, be look'd on as a Boast,
 Sure am I, *there's no better-temper'd Host*,
 Who'll often to the *Feathers Tavern* go,
 And from his own House treat a Guest or Two.
 Here Capt. *James*, tho' he, for Years, had sold
 Ribbond and Ferret, would a Wager hold,
 The Stake *Five Pounds* (no doubt his own in View)
 That a full measur'd Yard was Feet but Two ;
 That (he insisted on it too) he'd hav't,
 Arms should be Exercis'd to *Right* from *Left*.
 Duke *Pu--ford* does also use this House,
 With *Gam*, that makes most artful *Teeth for Mouth*.
 Old *Howson* likewise must not be forgot,
 Than whom there's not a more eternal Sot,
 Save *Adams*, who with Cucumbers the Bugs
 Destroys, in *Testers*, *Blankets*, *Quilts* and *Rugs*.

* A Porter, who has had 20 Children by his Lady, besides
 By-blows. † An old drunken Carpenter, who first found out
 the Virtue of rotten Cucumbers.

F

Smith-



field.

WINSMORE, for so's firnam'd our Landlord Jo,
 When ask'd to suck his Face, will ne'er cry No;
 But, while his Customers at Draughts Essay,
 To find out who shall for each Tankard pay,
 With Graziers, Drovers, Hay-Men, and the Throng
 Of Jockies, whom two Catch-poles mix among,
 Deals round the mighty Beer, to shew that he
 Can unlock all their Secrets with his Key;
 Or if they Score too far without the Crop,
 Can at the ROSE in WOODSTREET lock them up.
 The very Sign bids Customers beware,
 And spend no more than they can justly spare;
 Since, on the one hand, if the pow'ful Drink
 Lays all Things open upon which they think,
 It's a Disaster that they ought to shun,
 Risques of such Dangers ought not to be run;
 Or, if on t'other, void of due regard,
 Their Chalks swell into Bulk by drinking hard,
 They should most surely play a safer Card.
 Not, that old GR—VER needs this Lesson hear,
 Few Games at Draughts will clear his Shot for Beer;
 These he knows more, less puzzled and perplex'd,
 Than when he thump'd a Cushion for a Text.
 Nor, that, BR—GGS or N—MAN, want Advice,
 Who sell their Hay at a good Market Price;
 Or RAD—FF, who with Hat upon his Cap,
 Better than Dugs of Kine, loves WINSMORE's Tap;
 Nor bid we PA—E the Draper to take Care,
 For he's at Draughts a most successful Player;
 But of all Soaks, deserving of Rebuke,
 He that drinks most Go-Downs, is GRAFTON's Duke.



FROM FLEET-STREET thro' WHITE-FRYARS Gateway pals,
Just on the Right if you would take a Glass,
There, you the best of Two-penny may swill,
With the poor Heir of worthless WILKINHAM'S Will,
A Man that about twice three Lustres since,
Left Legacies of Coyn, without the Pence;
And like DINGO, in his last Devise,
Bequeath'd him Patrimones in the Skies;
Or wheresoe'er the larges could be found,
Either above, or else beneath the Ground.
Here likewise CH———, the Porter's tuneful Lays,
And H———LL's, who batter'd Window-Lights does glaze,
With H———TON Junior, who from making Whips,
Drinks Two-Penny with Sonnets on his Lips,
Try to excell the Bull Finch in his Notes;
But these, alas! in vain, distend their Throats,
In hopes of Conquest while the pretty Bird
Warbles, and for his Musick is preferr'd;
Musick! than which 'tis not in human Voice,
To send forth Melody so rare and choice.
WILL. BEMBOE, alias Admiral of that Name,
A Sportsman good, as o'er with Gun shot Game;
With his lov'd Spouse, a neat and cleanly Bride,
As Host and Hostess o'er this House preside.
Nothing but Mirth throughout it's to be seen;
But when the Songsters disagree therein;
As the young Noverint Univers Foiks,
When Drunk o'er Two-penny, lend round their Jokes;
And the Maid NAN laughs out, and makes her Brags,
Of throwing Women down with Dogs between their Legs.



HAVE at thee, to thine Hits **W**ILL **P**—**K**NEY look,
 'Tis thy Turn now to come the next to Book;
 Thou mayst good Drink, neat Rum and Brandy sell;
 The first well Maltd, as it's tasted well,
 But in thine Ear a Word——whence come the latter, tell?
 Silence, I find, is what thy Temper suits,
 Those Officers of Customs are such Brutes;
 That should a Syllab fall of Liquors run,
 They'd be about thine House, sure as a Gun.
 Then, Mum for such affrightful dismal Speeches,
 Enough to sink thine Heart into thy Breeches;
 For I perceive thy Colour waxing pale,
 And leave Wine Spirits for thy Beer and Ale,
 That thou thine own mayst by so doing raise,
 Who look'st around thee now with wild Amaze.
 Of a small House, thine handsomely is fill'd,
 With Folks that are in Porter's Liquors skill'd;
 And has a Right for Customers to Vie,
 With most that bear their Heads aloft and high;
 Even when their spacious Rooms few Tiplers hold,
 Like unfrequented Churches bleak and cold.
 I'd feign speak well of all that use thy Ken;
 But S——n——D's Bottle-Nose would Scape us then:
 A Wretch that baulk'd his Daughter of a P——le,
 By breaking off her Match with Surgeon W——le;
 Because he'd have her Fortune on the Nail,
 And would not be brought in, for Cakes and Ale;
 To let it in her Father's Hands abide,
 From thence not to be drawn till Lammas Tide;
 Unless, like those of whom he makes his Prey,
 He'd for each Pound of's own, Two Shillings pay.

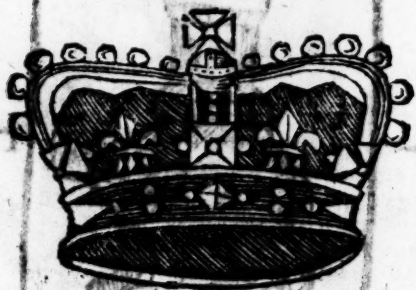
High-



Holbor n.

MUZZIN looks fierce, and rugged to the View,
 But yet the Man's good-natur'd, and true Blue;
 Studious to please and lead a quiet Life,
 Could he but do so for a brawling Wife:
 Whom, if JOE'S Patience were but of such Force,
 As to stop Women's Tongue's impetuous Course,
 There were some Hopes that he might his reclaim,
 And bring to a more soft and easy Frame.
 But Feuds apart, for Criticks on the Place,
 Clean is the Drink, though foul this bonzing Case;
 The First well brew'd, and in good Order kept,
 Although the Last be very seldom swept;
 Gloomsome and dark, from Windows cloth'd with Dust,
 And their Old-fashion'd Casements antient Rust:
 No doubt, with an Intention to become,
 Like to some Deity's appointed Dome;
 Where Shades, instead of Rays of Light, appear,
 To strike its Worshippers with awful Fear.
 Since it may be for Truth unquestion'd ta'en,
 This is SILENUS his old Drinking Fane,
 Whereof the Medal Doctor is High Priest,
 Always with some Effigies in his Fist,
 On which, as on some Idol he descants,
 When he what's unum Necessarium wants,
 To pay for Ale which he in Plenty sips,
 With the whole Tribe of CÆSARS on his Lips.
 Old HILL———RD too, though now Emerit grown,
 Whines, laughs and cries; but still keeps drinking on,
 Willing to sit from Night till Morning dawns,
 And drown his Loss by Children and by Pawns.
 Nor are these all, since others we could Name,
 That at MUZZIN's the Game-keeper's make Game.

Hedn-



Garden.

O L.D. Stiff-rump, I am yours, good Mr. H———p!
 Now for some fish with you, by way of Gammon;
 For both those Words are Terms of Art in Use,
 With some that guzzle down your Barley Juice.
 Mean Sons of Earth, such as are Snaps and Setters,
 That sit perdw to catch, and dog poor Debtors;
 And under Covert of an Awning Shed,
 Lurk with Four Names in One Writ to be read.
 From thence, in spight of Gospel and of Law,
 The Price of that whole Writ from each to draw;
 Nay more, if Skulker-giving Bail is free,
 To bilk Knight-Marshall of his righteous Fee;
 But Rules of Court are Drawback for such Crimes,
 And Shoulder-Dabber's punish'd oftentimes;
 When he for Surety Bond takes Hogs Eleven,
 To make that odd Account in SOUTHWARK's Hogsty even;
 But these are Folks unsocial and untrue,
 Let's leave them, that the Devil may have his Due,
 And enter into this accustom'd House,
 Where sits the Landlord mourning for his Spouse,
 And crying, Woe to me! is Reckoning paid?
 Much do I fear, that I shall want for Bread;
 At the same time he flows in Wealth and Stock,
 And Soars above the reach of Fortune's Shock;
 Howe'er, he seems quite broke upon her Wheel,
 From Sev'n Pence due from Footman of Squire NEAL;
 And to save Charge of Journey into WALKS,
 Stead of a blue one, for black Flag prevails,
 With that, by Dint of dead Cook's dismal Air,
 To save a Waggoner's, or Carrier's Fare.



Props to the *Crown*, on the other side.

OLD S---chell, a Smoking Porter, famous for picking the Remains out of old Pipes, for which he is said to smoke PICKET's Funk. Every Pipe is his First, though he smokes Twenty a Day.

Tom Bamb--c, another Porter, very honest, call'd H-m-d's Spectacles, because he can neither read nor write, but by his Means. ———

J——nes, a Taylor, as true a Welchman, as ever piss'd.

H——g, a lame Baker, who always pays Ready Money for his Drink, because H——d won't trust him a Farthing.

C——x a Crockery Ware Tea-Seller — Steady ! Steady ! when over-balasted with Evening and Mornings Draughts.

Dick A—y, a Tonfor, whose Intelligence is INFALLIBLE in H——d's Judgment, and seems to bid Fair for the Roman Pontiff's Chair at the next Election.

John E——ds, a Pursivant at Arms upon Occasion to any Tipstaff or Serjeant at Mace.

Harry H—gate a grand Enemy to Mornings Draughts, tho' he constantly whets off a Gallon and half of strong Bub.

✍ Note, We have been desired to insert something on a certain Sign with a HOLE in't (near this Place) but as we formerly receiv'd Kindnesses from the Host, we shall omit it.

THE Letter sign'd A. T. (containing divers Remarks on the Bishop's-Head in the Old Bailey) came too late to be wholly inserted : But we cannot omit P—TCH, the Razor Grinder, who, to save Charges, sends his Wife to her Mother's to Wash and Iron her Linnen, during which time, he makes Holyday, and spends ten times more at the Right Reverend Sign than would pay a Washer-woman at Home. This Grinder is Mettle to the Back, and his Wife Ruth often Conceive, and as often Miscarries !

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THose Gentlemen who can furnish us with any Hints on other Houses, are desired to direct them to *T. Bickerton* at the *Crown* in *Pater-noster Row*, and they shall be inserted in our *Third and Last Part*.

At this House there are 3 Clubs in a Day, (7 in Morn. 12 at Noon, 9 at Night) Pen's
 Royal Gin cures the Gout sooner than the Anodine Necklace. Chatterton's other Expressions
 are Nic upon Ni. Nemo sane Crumini Vivit, That stands upon the Quand, and upon the Quant.

Gin-House, Lincoln's- (48) Inn Back side.



AS in our First Part we a Tavern chose,
 With which we did our tiresome Journey close
 So now, fatigu'd with drinking common Bub,
 Pass we to the red hot Geneva Club,
 Assembled, as on Purpose, not by Chance,
 Where Youths are taught to Read, and Write, and Dance
 Since, when Two-peny's worth is guzzled down,
 Learning of all Kinds gets within the Crown.
 This Simon Pen, with virtuous Mrs. Jude
 His Wife, that's neither a Coquet or Prude ;
 Both Servants to the fam'd Sir Edward Northey,
 And of all Sots good Words for ever worthy,
 Know to be true, when they fresh Quarterns draw,
 To quench the Thirst of Hackney's of the Law,
 Amongst whom, two Stationers of Middle Temple,
 The Master and the Man, give good Example.
 Not, but that Qual. are likewise to be seen,
 With Flat-Caps here a drinking powerful Gin,
 While good Sir Knight for Lyon's Baronetted,
 Is by a Cynder-Wench most humbly seated.
 The Deuce of Pride, amongst this Clan of Sots,
 Their whole Delight is washing of their Guts ;
 As Chatterton, the Barber, oft does cry,
 Whoop, Boys, Considera, Consideri, 6 00 62
 And makes you laugh, if there is Laughter in you
 With Clamer, Ruxa, Jaci, Mendocia, Furta, Cockinu
 As K-ly, certainly, as Eggs are Eggs,
 Crawls hither thrice a Day with Spindle Legs,
 And Splutter-Nails, when drunk, Welch Jemmy M-gan
 Of Stock, in Africk's Shares, spouts out his Jargon.

F I N I S.

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close

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